Ro. O God I haue an ill diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou lookest pale.
Rom. And trust me loue, in my eye so do you:
Drie sorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue.

Exit.

Iu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowmd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you vp?
Iu. Who is't that calls? It is my Lady mother.
Is she not downe so late or vp so early?
What vnaccustomd cause procures her hither?
La. Why how now *Iuliet*?
Iu. Madam I am not well.
La. Euermore weeping for your Cozens death?
What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him liue:
Therfore haue done, some griefe shews much of loue,
But much of greefe, shewes still some want of wit.
Iu. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.
La. So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
Iu. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the friend.
La. Wel gyrle, thou weepst not so much for his death,
As that the villaine liues which slaughterd him.
Iu. What villaine Madam?
La. That same villaine *Romeo*.
Iu. Villaine and he be many miles a sunder:
God padon, I do with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth greeue my heart.

La. That

La. That is becaus the Trayto
Iu. I Madam from the reach of
Would none but I might venge my
La. We will haue vengeance fo
Then weepe no more, I le send to
Where that same banisht runnag
Shall giue him such an vnaccustom
That he shall soone keepe *Tybalt*
And then I hope thou wilt be satis
Iu. Indeed I neuer shall be satis
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. D
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman
Madam if you could find out but
To beare a poyson, I would tempe
That *Romeo* should vpon receit th
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my
To heare him namde and cannot
To wreake the loue I bore my Co
Vpon his body that hath slaughte
Mo. Find thou the means, and
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tiding
Iu. And ioy comes well in such
What are they, beseech your Lady
M. Well, well, thou hast a care
One who to put thee from thy hea
Hath sorted out a sudden day of
That thou expects not, nor I look
Iu. Madam in happie time, wh
M. Marrie my child, early next
The gallant, young, and Noble G
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters*
Shall happily make thee there a
Iu. Now by S. *Peters* Church,
He shall not make me there a ioyf
I wonder at this haste, that I must
Ere he that should be husband co